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VOL. 4. NO. 100

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

NOVEMBER 23,

1861.

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This continent has lately been convulsed by an upheaving so sudden and terrible that the relation of all men and all classes to each other are violently disturbed, and people look about for the elements with which to sway the storm and direct the whirlwind. Just at present we do not know what all this is to bring forth; but we do know that great results MUST flow from such extraordinary commotions.

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A NEW LOCAL STORY NOW READY IN THE NEW YORK WEEKLY (The best Story and Sketch paper published) ENTITLED
THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS:
Or, The Stepmother's Plot
By James Reynolds, author of "The Stolen Bride," "Long Hank," and "Hermit of the Ottawa."
In "The Stolen Bride" and "Long Hank" and "Hermit of the Ottawa," Mr. Reynolds gave evidence of great vigor and power, and stamped himself as a romancer of no mean reputation; but in giving to the world "The Defrauded Heiress," he has placed himself in the front rank of the great writers of the day.
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HAMILTON BROWN, WHO DONT'T GO TO FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY, STARTS A STAR SPANGLED BANNER SUIT, "IN ORDER TO SHOW THAT THOUGH HE SUFFERS NO WOUNDS IN HER DEFENCE," HE CAN, AT LEAST, WEAR STRIPES IN HER BEHALF.

WOSHY-BOSHY,

—OR—

The Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

CHAPTER V.

It became daily more and more evident that a battle was imminent. The Silvertoes, having encountered several reverses, were now nerving themselves for a grand effort. They were coming with fire and sword, and that sort of thing.

WOSHY-BOSHY knew this, and yet he was calm. His cheek did not blanch. He was even cheerful, and laughed perhaps more heartily than ever over the jokes and sparkling paragraphs in the *National Intelligencer*. Yet the Snakeheads did not question his ability to lead them in this crisis. They well knew that when aroused he was as terrible as an army with banners, or a speckled jackass while in the act of kicking over a peanut stand.

He chawed more tobacco, however, than usual.

One day he took a large chaw, and handing it to BOOZYWOOZY, he said:

"Will you sustain me?"

"I will," replied that gentle savage, biting off a large piece.

"Take a pound of the best store tobacker," said WOSHY-BOSHY, "and soak it in melasses and rum, and it makes as good tobacker as *I* want to use—that is, if it is chemically examined by Professor CHILTON, and warranted to contain no deleterious substances."

After enjoying themselves chawing tobacco for sometime they commenced planning for the approaching engagement. "As we don't wish to become idiots and gibber, with straw in our hair, we won't look at those maps in the New York *Herald* any more. Let us souse a Tom-cat in a pan of ink, draw him across a sheet of paper, and have a more intelligible map of our own." So said WOSHY-BOSHY, and BOOZYWOOZY was agreeable thereto.

WOSHY-BOSHY had appointed the next day for the foe to advance. The plans were all made. Already the Snakehead troops were on their way to the field, three hundred masses and twenty-four barrels of them having gone round by Lake Superior, on board the steamer Iron City, Capt. ED. TURNER. WOSHY-BOSHY purposed going by way of Portland, and had engaged passage on MAXFIELD'S stage. He was expecting HORACE round every moment for his baggage. It was an affecting scene, the parting of WOSHY-BOSHY and BOOZYWOOZY. [The latter had conscientious scruples about engaging in a war where they fired real bullets, and hence he was to stay at home.] They had known each other from childhood, and now they were about to part—perhaps forever. "Do you remember," said WOSHY-BOSHY, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how we used to throw stones at an old blind man and scalp apple women, in the halcyon days of youth's spring-time? Innocent prattlers! Them days is past! Do you remember, too, how in after years, as we were about blossoming into manhoood, I used to borrow money of you?"

"I do," said BOOZYWOOZY, tears standing in his eyes in chunks—"I do, distinctually!"

"Perhaps I shan't never borrow any more money of you no more!" continued the chief.

"You make me miserable! See! These tears are real, and these poignant moans are nat'ral. Big thing!" So spoke BOOZYWOOZY.

"Here is my photograph. It is by one of the Old Masters."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" said BOOZYWOOZY; "I'll wear it next to my heart," and he placed it in his left coat-tail pocket.

"If I fall," said WOSHY-BOSHY, clutching his friend by the coat-collar—"if I fall, promise me that you will break the news gently to my creditors? Prepare them gradually for the dreadful shock."

"Consider it already done!" said BOOZYWOOZY, ever anxious to accommodate his old and tried friend.

"Our friendship reminds me of that of Damon and Pythias," said WOSHY-BOSHY.

"I think myself we are somewhat on that lay," replied his trusty friend. "But what are you putting that junk-bottle of peppermint in your pocket for?"

"To have it by me in case of emergency."

"Ah, indeed! I remember General PRICE had it pretty bad."

"Had what?"

"The emergency."

"And do you remember likewise, my good BOOZYWOOZY," how I one day in the exuberance of my childish heart, tied a cooking-stove to the neck of my decrepit grandfather, and shoved him into the river? Ah! the happy days of my childhood! Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

There was profound silence in the wigwam for a moment save the sound of the tears of the savages, which pattered, pattered, upon the floor.

"Will childhood's days," said WOSHY-BOSHY, at length, buckling on his armor, also his coat of mail—"will childhood's days ever come back to us again?"

"I'll bet the coffee and cakes at MESCHUTT'S that they wont!" exclaimed BOOZYWOOZY. "Is it a go?"

They conversed a few moments more, when WOSHY-BOSHY arose to depart. "You will see Me mother," he said, in a soft voice, "will you not? Hush! If I fall, ask her, 'Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'"

"I will interrogate that elderly female upon that important matter the moment I hear you have been scooped in!"

"'Tis well!" said the chief. "And now farewell! I fain would have thy blessing upon my head ere I go; and if you can also lend me your umbrella, I shall esteem it a particular favor."

They wept upon each others' bosoms. They stood up to their waists in their own sobs. The floor of the wigwam was literally a lake of tears, and the chairs and tables were floating around like ships. Their sighs were heard ten miles off.*

Agreeable to expectation the battle occurred the next day. WOSHY-BOSHY was kicked in the stomach by an ambulance horse, and fell fatally wounded at the first fire. Previous to expiring, however, he handed NICHOLSON a five-dollar bill to give him a favorable notice in his report of the battle, in the *World*, and requested that FRANK WOOD should put him in his "Pulpit Pictures."

The battle was a decisive one, not only breaking the back but caving in the stomach of the rebellion. The Silvertoes never had any more trouble with the Snakeheads. Those savages, after considerable rehearsing, learned to behave decently. Reunited the nations became stronger than ever, and marched on resistlessly to greatness and grandeur.

WINONA, the prestidigitating squaw of the Snakehepds, married a young Silvertoe of rich but respectable parents, and has lots of new dresses and things. She is very happy.

WOSHY-BOSHY'S sons all went to farming except one—MINKY-WINKY. He is attached to all the various circus companies, and

* A positive fact.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

AS IT WAS TO BE. AS IT IS.

A Choke in Time.

We learn from a correspondent with Gen. STONE's column that

"The 'boys' have nick-named the army-contractors in general 'Shoddies,' and when any of these personages make their appearance the cry of 'Shoddy! Shoddy!' goes up from all parts of the camp!"

Which suggests to VANITY FAIR this pleasing little thing:

If a Shoddy
Meet a Shoddy
A-taking of his "rye,"
And a Shoddy
Chokes a Shoddy
Need anybody cry?
On the contrary, quite the rewerse!

Experience of a Sexagenarian Super.

"It is the critics, my friends, who make the actor—secure the critics. The merest muff, who does this, is safe to be Underlined and over-rated; the most promising tyro, who doesn't, will always be Maligned and under-rated."

appears as the North American savage of the far-western prairies. He contemplates getting up an entirely new act, which will involve the use of banners.

Boozywoozy left off being an Indian and assumed the duties of a chaplain on board the steamer Western Metropolis, and is now at work on a man named MORRIS, with some hope of converting him, but not much.

Thus closes a romance which was written with one arm tied behind me, and under other equally adverse circumstances. Gentle reader, however glad you may be that this is done, you cannot be more so than I am. Hurrah! Embrace me!

THE END.

THE PLANTER AND THE SECRETARY.

A PATHETIC FINANCIAL BALLAD.

When the Southron's pulse beat high,
Thinking all beneath the sky
Was theirs, who thought was smooth and sly?
Memminger, O Memminger!

"Pledge me," thus the charmer said,
"Half your cotton to be paid
For when we break this sham blockade,"
Memminger, O Memminger!

"Paid for not in filthy gold,
But in bonds—first date to hold,
Based upon your cotton—when sold,"
Memminger, O Memminger!

Bites the planter at the bait,
To make a sale, and save the State—
Thinks he has not long to wait,
Memminger, O Memminger!

Soon he hears the cruel doom—
"Keep your cotton all at home;
Not a bale to port shall come,"
Memminger, O Memminger!

'Stead of Northern money paid in
Advance upon his bills of lading,
Sees he Northern ships blockading,
Memminger, O Memminger!

Not a dime for tea or coffee,
Hats, boots, clothes for self and Cuffee
Shining in the cold as off he
Posts to Billy Memminger.

"Treasury notes you make in billions;
Lend to us poor starving silly ones
A trifle—say a hundred millions,
Memminger, O Memminger?"

Sternly then the Secretary
Frowns on him, and answers, "Nary!
We want all, there's naught to spare ye,"
Memminger, O Memminger!

"Help yourself, you lazy planter,
Hoe even, weave homespun—off instanter—
Be useful—'tis no time for banter!"
Memminger, O Memminger!

Saddet, wiser, hies he forth,
Yearns for the fleshpots of the North,
And wishes he had prized their worth,
Ere he fell in with Memminger!

THE FATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Weep, Carolina, and ye sons of "chivalry" mourn!
RHETT, be reticent no longer, but heave the tumultuous sob!
Ye maidens, come out strong with your sultry sighs!

For the mudsill, the hind, the son of toil, not content with invading the "sacred soil" of Virginia has polluted with his footsteps the "soil" of South Carolina which we have no doubt, is at least a hundred times more "sacred."

The town of Beaufort is taken. That beautiful watering place is wrested from your fond embrace. No more shall your maidens lave their lovely limbs in the waves that break upon that seductive shore.

No more shall the "heavy father" pace the beach with restless steps, apprehensive as to hotel bills and cogitating in the matter of cotton. The banquet-hall is replete with "shake-downs" for Federal hirelings and the mercenaries of the bloated and pimpled despot LINCOLN throng every porch and piazza.

As with the beginning so with the end.

The fate of your pet city, Charleston, is written on the wall in a livid hand-writing.

The free man of the North will soon pace its streets, regardless of Vigilance Committee, fearless of tar and feathers and eke of the painful rail.

The time is nigh when PICKENS and RHETT shall have no more interviews in Meeting street.

The day draws near when the Queens of Charleston shall no longer flash along King street but keep them in the seclusion of their own boudoirs.

You are pretty, you darlings, very pretty, but you are rebels and you must suffer.

The Union pals are more than a match for your Palmetto, and Secession must die where it had its birth.

Wherefore, weep Carolina, and ye sons and daughters of the same, bow your heads in grief!

A Naval Tenor.

BRIGNOLI.

BIOGRAPHICS.

By our Graphic Man.

SMITH.

Doesticks, a comic writer who flourished some three thousand years ago, does not allude to Smith. Neither does Herodotus, nor Cæsar, nor Aristophanes. This shows the ignorance of those people. Not to know Smith is to know nothing—it is a trifle worse than knowing no North, no South, no East, no other thing. Everybody in this enlightened age knows Smith, and knew Smith's father. Smith is an abbreviation of the word Myth—although he is no myth himself, nor yet an abbreviation of one, as that able work the Directory will go for to prove. Smith lived all over. Ask if Mr. Smith lives in any place, in any street, or any particular house, and somebody will be sure to reply, Yes. If we ever come across him we shall forthwith do up the biography of "The Man Who Did Not Know Smith," and run him into notoriety through a series of one line jokes. We will offer him as an attraction for the holidays to Barnum and let him achieve a hippopotamic success. "Did not know Smith! Ha! ha!" says the crowd of spectators, "Young man, where were you cultivated?" "How late is it when the clock strikes six?" How far is it from a hungry man's plate to his mouth?" "What's the price of a four dollar hat?" Didn't know Smith! ha! ha!" So they will remark as they point the finger of scorn and wave towards him the hand of contempt. "Didn't know—ha! ha! Smith!" "Didn't ha! ha!—know ha! ha! Smith—he! he! haw! haw!" If anybody does not and refuses to know Smith he is unworthy of being trusted in a Weehawken store, and ought to be ashamed.

Smith generally goes in droves. Every omnibus and car conveys a Smith up and down on every trip. He composes one-fourth of every crowd in the street, of every regiment gone to the war, of every large mass meeting, and of every string of young men who indulge in cheap billiards. Smith has proposed to more young women between the ages of "sweet sixteen" and "sweet thirty-four" than any young man within these geographical limits. Smith has been rejected, accepted, heart-broken and made eternally happy at the rate of about once every two days since the Pocahontas affair. Smith has more fingers in more pies than there are pies in all New England on Thanksgiving day before dinner. Smith has been murdered, drowned, lost, found, hung, dead, buried, admired, hated, praised, berated, feted and whipped in quick succession for a century past.

Smith don't care. Smith likes it.

Smith never knows any other Smith.

Smith always follows John, John always precedes Smith. They are one and inseparable. Algebraically considered it as follows:

John : Smith :: Smith : John.

Or,

John + Smith = John Smith.
John + John + Smith + Smith — John — Smith = John Smith.
Smith = John Smith.

Or,

J + Smith — ohn + Esq. = J. Smith Esq.

Smith is the penny postman's special enemy. The p. p. can never satisfy him. Smith forever wants all his letters, yet is forever growling because they are not the right ones.

Smith swears that people who don't know him write to him, and people who do know him won't send him a line.

Smith knows the police and the pawnbroker; and the pawnbroker and the police know Smith. Smith often sees in the morning papers that he was taken to the Tombs in a state of riotous intoxication; then Smith tells Mrs. Smith that that Smith was not her Smith but another Mrs. Smith's Smith. The other Mrs. Smith's Smith also reads of his arrest and blandly explains to his Mrs. Smith that the item does not refer to her best and brightest Smith, but to the other Mrs. Smith's brightest and best Smith. Then there is hot water in the family, and the Smith's get generally mixed.

Occasionally Smith stays out late at night, and coming home after milk-hours tells the teary Mrs. Smith as on the former occasion that she is mistaken. It was not her own, her ducky Smith who stayed out all night with great horrid men, but the other Mrs. Smith's Smith—and won't he catch it.

This is all the data that Smith has on hand for a biographical sketch, and as we do not wish to anticipate we will allow a little time in which to furnish us with a further supply.

A Nautical Fact.

The size of a whale is always known by the strength of its Blows.

THE ARMY STUMP TAIL.

Dear V. F.:—Quid very justly complained week before last, of the rascally treatment of the horses on the Potomac. He does not exaggerate; and, now that it is said the poor beasts are put upon short allowance, his account must afford but faint, though sickening enough idea of the barbarous reality. The only comforts to be taken out of the "short allowance" story is in the hope that the agents are now allowed to draw only one ration instead of two for each horse. What became of the extra ration which they have been drawing, Balaam's donkey alone could tell us. Certain is it that the poor brutes didn't get it, for too many of these are broken down for want of the one ration which the clearest policy, as well as the commonest humanity, demands for them.

What I want to call your attention to, in your wanderings along the lines, is a curious effect upon a prominent equine feature, which was pointed out to me the other day in one of my patrols. It is said to be one of the earliest results of crowding in line and short commons, even upon those animals which are strong enough to monopolize a full supply of forage and thus maintain a show of flesh upon their bones. This first blow to the credit of our chargers to which the hard times subject them falls upon their tails. No matter how long and bushy the caudal appendage of an Uncle Sam's horse when the magic letters are stamped upon his shoulder, his needy messmates behind him are sure to nibble at it to such an extent that in a very short interval of service, it is shorn of the most abundant hirsute honors, and gradually reduced to what may as well be recognized as the "*regular*" *stump*.

Yours, fraternally,

Q. E. D.

N. B.—Haven't we a good many *regular stumps* still in the service among the riders as well as the nags; veteran as well as veterinary? And isn't it high time that they were put out to pasture for the benefit of the country as well as of their wigs?

The Grand Old Oak has just set a glorious example, and is followed by the heart-warm affection and honor of the whole nation, at the close of two life times of unequalled service. Are there no trees of humbler growth and station but equal infirmity, prepared to bow with similar grace to the decrees of destiny and the demands of that country whom it has been their pride to serve through generation after generation? Come old gentlemen! stir *your* stumps, and give your sons a chance to save us!

Q. E. D.

The Warlike Adolphuses.

We cull this balmy item from the "fresh fields" of the *World*:

"Semi-military gentlemen, in the habit of sporting undress uniforms, find themselves in trouble in Washington. The provost marshal's patrols ask all such for their passes. When they answer that 'they do not belong to the army,' the captain of the guard tells them that if they don't want to be put in the guard-house they had better take off that uniform."

We wish some of those patrols could be sent along this way. The "certain young gentleman" whom we addressed through these columns a short time ago has given no ear to our fatherly advice, and Broadway still teems with stay-at-home Brigadiers.

In default of the patrols we commend the matter to Supt. Kennedy and his able-bodied henchmen. The make-believe soldier is certainly a "nuisance" that ought to be "committed."

"Une affaire du Cœur."

The *Norfolk Day Book*, discoursing as to the ultimate destination of Governor-General Henry A. Wise . . . . a question which, in Vanity Fair's opinion, is already settled beyond appeal . . . says:

"Wherever he goes the enemy will meet a Cœur de Lion."

The *Day-Book* is right in everything but the spelling of its hero's title. Cur de Lion is the way to put it properly. The Editor of the *D. B.* will recognize the justice of our correction when we tell him that the animal who performs the functions of a cur to the lion is commonly known as the jackal, a howling and malignant creature to whom Governor-General Henry A. Wise bears a marvellous resemblance. "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!"

A General of Division.

The Charleston *Mercury*, of 10th November, says that "General Drayton retired in two steamers by Pipe's Ferry," on his retreat from Port Royal. This extraordinary distribution of the rebel General can only be accounted for by the supposition that he was very much cut up about the loss of his forts.

XUM

THE DEFENDERS OF FORT DELMONICO.

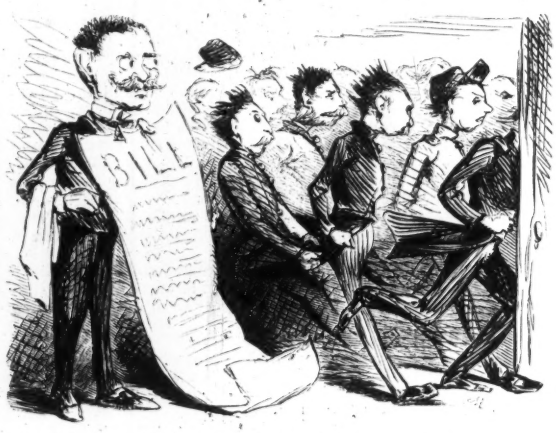
1. A Prominent member of Le Jeunesse Doré addresses a few youthful patriots—"Yes! we will place Delmonico in a thorough state of defence"—

2. Delmonico's—garrisoned

3. The Oath—they swear never to LEAVE it—

4. But occasionally they go out recruiting

5. "We are rapidly filling up."



6. Terrific engagement—Grand Charge—utter rout of the F. D. D's with great loss——to the landlord.

PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

Great Heart McClellan—IT IS THE NATION'S HIGHWAY THAT WE ARE IN, AND IN THIS WAY IT IS THAT THOU HAST PLACED THE LIONS; BUT COLUMBIA, AND HER CHILDREN, SHALL HOLD ON HER WAY IN SPITE OF THY LIONS.

THE MOANS OF MARSHALL.

MARSHALL is in trouble. He considers that a "blow" has "been leveled" at the Circuit Court, of which he is Associate Judge, in Washington. There has been a good deal of Blow connected with hat Court, one time and another. MARSHALL, in point of fact, has not entirely discouraged it. Nor, perhaps, entirely refrained from it. But that was another kind of blow.

Briefly, Chief-Justice DUNLAP and Associate Judge MARSHALL are incensed at the suspension by the President of the *habeas corpus* act and talk like a couple of ninnies about it.

They are sublimely innocent, these foxy fellows, of any knowledge concerning the Rebellion. "A Rebellion? Lor' bless us! Is there a Rebellion? Why, you don't say so! We guess you're mistaken, aren't you? Come, let us go on with business. Never mind the knife at your throats; the Law is what we have to do with, and we have had no legal intimation, as yet, that you have a knife at your throats."

That is their style of song, and if they had their way, the rule of JEFF. DAVIS, extending Northward, would soon wipe out, not only the cherished Circuit Court and its *habeas corpus*, but every other vestige of right and protection, legal and otherwise.

General ANDREW PORTER, legitimately appointed Provost-Marshal of the District of Columbia, happened, in the course of his necessary duties, to "obstruct the process of this Court," whereupon an attachment was got out against him for "contempt." The President couldn't spare him, just then. There was more important work for him to do than to explain his official business to Chief-Justice DUNLAP and Associate Judge MARSHALL, so Mr. LINCOLN very properly told the officer who served the attachment that he had better "go away, and not bother PORTER at present."

Hence the moans of MARSHALL. DUNLAP is comparatively mild under his affliction. He contents himself with an "Opinion" which is eminently satisfactory and eminently uninteresting. He thought that it would be proper enough (legally speaking) to arrest the officer for not arresting PORTER anyhow, in spite of the President's advice. But he is, after all, tender-hearted, and bears no (legal) animosity toward that officer. Indeed, he quite descends from his respect for the (legal) facts, and acknowledges naïvely enough that it is

> "Plain that that officer is powerless against the vast military force of the Executive, subject to his will and order as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States."

The least observant of our readers . . . nay, the most powerful disciples of the doctrine of Individual Sovereignty . . . will necessarily concur with DUNLAP in this "Opinion." The deputy-marshal might make a very good fight; no doubt he would; but we are constrained to think that the combined Army and Navy would ultimately whip him. All of DUNLAP'S decisions are not marked with the degree of sagacity that distinguishes this one.

MARSHALL, however, is not so sure. He evidently has great faith in the ability of his deputy, and a vague notion that Providence and the Circuit Court are mightier than cavalry, infantry, artillery, and horse-marines to boot.

He therefore asserts some (legally) valuable "principles," expressive of being in a state of mind, and feeling bad generally. He says that "the Law in this country knows no superior," which has a ludicrous sound, following, as it does, hard on the heels of DUNLAP'S statement that "we have exhausted every practicable remedy to uphold the lawful authority of this Court."

Further, he says . . . MARSHALL does . . . that "the supremacy of the civil authority over the military, cannot be denied."

Can't it? Why, how does it happen, then, that the deputy came back without Provost-Marshal PORTER'S body, which he was commanded to produce before the august Court? Legally speaking, the Court may have the "supremacy," but *de facto*, the Government . . . just now a Military Power by necessity . . . has decidedly the Inside of the Track, to use a familiar expression.

If the Circuit Court, or any other red-tape and sealing-wax assemblage, could do the least service toward crushing the giant thief and liar whose avaricious hands are this day strangling the life out of our border States, and whose blood-stained feet are bruising the necks of all our fair Southern territory, the Justices and Judges might talk of supremacy and power with some show of reason. But while they fail to bring one traitor to justice; while routine, precedent, form, and delay are the strongest characteristics of the whole legal business, let them cease their twaddle, and cost the country as little money as they can.

And now, let the Circuit Court issue an attachment for us as soon as it pleases, for we plead guilty to a good deal of Contempt for It.

Tooth and Nail Brushes.

Combats in which the belligerent parties go at each other Tooth and Nail.

OUR "MR. BROMWELL."

Our readers have all, no doubt, perused, with more or less credulity, the very agreeable account given by one "Mr. BROMWELL, a Brooklyn merchant," of his visit to Richmond, and what he saw there and thereabout. The account was published in the Baltimore *American*, and has been extensively copied by the New York press, but we scorn to reproduce any reliable information from other prints. We have no bowels for second-hand news, and better yet, we have a Mr. BROMWELL of our own whom we have secured without regard to expense, and who is pledged to tell as good a story as any Mr. BROMWELL in the business.

INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

On Wednesday of last week our MR. BROMWELL had an interview with Gen. BEAUREGARD at his headquarters, about two rods from Richmond, and he stated that the General conversed with him in the most hilarious manner. During that day the General reviewed an infantry division consisting of over eight hundred thousand men, and it was one of the most gorgeous military pageants the world ever beheld. There were one thousand regiments in line, and as the General and his staff, all blazing with diamonds and cloth of gold, rode along the column, the soldiers cheered like one man, and fell on their knees to offer devout thanks for having a general with such good clothes. At night, the General gave a splendid blow-out to three hundred officers in his rose-colored satin tent. The bill of fare embraced every known luxury ancient or modern. But there was not a drop of anything stronger than brandy upon the tables. He lent his best cambric handkerchief to Mr. BROMWELL, but from motives of delicacy it was not used. The General said that he loved the Union, and did not mean to hurt any of the federal soldiers. All he wanted was to be let alone. He spoke of General MCCLELLAN and Lieut-General SCOTT in high terms, and observed with great merriment that GERRITT SMITH owed him a quarter.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mr. DAVIS, "President of the Confederate States," was at Richmond on Tuesday of the previous week, and stated that his health was much improved. His severe illness, he said, was occasioned by his having had too much ease and comfort, and perhaps too much corn whiskey and other high wines, and not at all by the cares and responsibilities of his position. The President and his lady stopped at the best hotel, and never went out without being preceded by a brass band and a small terrier dog.

AFFAIRS IN RICHMOND.

Richmond was described as far excelling New York in gaiety and rivalling the condition of Paris or St. Petersburg during a royal visit. The principal streets were thronged with splendidly-dressed ladies, gentlemen, and negroes, and an immense business was being done in every department of commerce. Mr. BROMWELL states that although he frequently expressed himself as a strong Union man, a Republican, and an ultra Abolitionist, he was not molested, but treated with marked courtesy and respect, receiving invitations to tea from nearly all the first families of Virginia. Mr. BROMWELL also says that as far as the equipments of the Confederate troops are concerned, they are infinitely better than those of any other army yet discovered. Even the privates were provided with handsome uniforms of double-milled broadcloth and silk velvet, with patent-leather boots and magnificent jewelled weapons. There was some complaint, however, about the commissariat, as the men could get truffles with their venison only twice a week. Every soldier in the Confederate army is a high-toned gentleman of scrupulous honor, with an independent fortune and the most polished education. Mr. BROMWELL thinks he shall go back to Richmond, and we think he had better.

ROCK-SALT.

MARGARITA and her swain—
  She with milk-pail, he with rifle—
Upward wending from the plain,
  Quarrelled, all about some trifle;
To the rocks doth she complain,
  Striving, thus, her heart to stifle:

"Why will maidens ever love,
  And with a strange contumacy
Disallow their minds to prove
  Placid, nun-like celibacy?"
ECHO, from the rocks above,
  Answers—"None like celibacy!"

THE WHITE POPULATION OF BEAUFORT WELCOMING THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE U. S.

OUR RECEPTION AT BEAUFORT

It is only to put in flagrant contrast the stupidity of the heavy dailies and the enterprise of the comic press that we consent to reproduce this paragraph from the *World's* account of the battle in Port Royal Harbor:

"Soon after landing, a detachment of men proceeded up to Beaufort, and found it tenantless except by one dilapidated person, who presented some traces of cultivation, and of having been an original South Carolina gentleman, but he appeared to be either paralyzed by drunkenness or fear, and it probably was not the latter. He met the federal troops on the outskirts of the city, and with hat in hand, and gently swaying from side to side, hiccupped out *a few undistinguishable words* as they passed on."

We call attention to the phrase we have italicized above. It displays vividly a slackness in the *World's* correspondent. It is the old excuse of the reporter who is too lazy or too drunk to sit out a public meeting, and who makes apology for the speeches he omits by the well-worn formulas: "We regret that want of space prevents our giving a report of Hon. Mr. SMITH'S very able remarks," or, "The lateness of the hour precludes our doing that justice to Mr. BROWN'S forcible appeal which we could wish."

The *World*, it is well-known, is a sluggish journal of limited circulation.

How far VANITY FAIR surpasses it in all the elements of excellence, modesty forbids us to mention. The following reports which we have just received from our specials, speak for themselves:

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS INTO BEAUFORT!

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY A PROMINENT CITIZEN!!

ABLE-BODIED REMARKS!!!

FULL PARTICULARS!!!!

[*Specially reported for Vanity Fair.*]

ON BOARD STEAMER WABASH,
OFF HILTON HEAD, Nov. 9, 1861.

* * * * In their headlong flight the Southern gentlemen appeared to forget their boasted courtesy. They left but one of their number behind them to welcome us to the city. The gentleman on whose shoulders this duty had fallen, however, went through with it in a very creditable manner, and everything passed off pleasantly. On our arrival at the outskirts of Beaufort the orator of the day advanced towards us, hat in hand. Being entirely alone two members of the 7th Connecticut Regiment were deputed to support him, as a matter of etiquette. His speech did credit to his head as well as to his heart. I append a verbatim report:

"'Ow'r you, boys? Fine wer'rer!—Glar t' see you. Welkel t' Beaufor'!—Gel. DRAYTON gone! Wouldl' stay. Fine wer'rer!—Wh-o—o—o—o—o—p!—Lesh take drink! (*Great applause.*) You Noreners perry good fella; all o' us perry good fellas, (*cheers*)—Gel. DRAYTON woudl' sthay. Sez I, to him, sez I—'Gel. DRAYTON you musht (*hic*) sthay, absholutely necessary.' Sez (*hic*) he to me, sez he to m-e-e-e,—sez he to m-e-e-e, sez he to me, 'JOHN, can't do it ole fella. Musht (*hic*) go. Got business (*hic*) engashement.' Gel. DRAYTON'S friend o' (*hic*) mine. Know Gel. (*hic*) DRAYTON? Gel. DRAYTON'S good (*hic*) fella. All good fellas. Beaufort's (*hic*) all right?—Beaufort's is—all—right!—Fine wer'rer! Wh—o—o—o—o—."

[*Here, overcome with emotion, the speaker sat down amidst loud and prolonged applause.*]

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

BEAUFORT.

This town, situated upon the eastern shore of Port Royal Island, S. C., has just taken its place in the history of our country, as the first capture made by the great naval expedition to which all Federal eyes are now turned with a purpose of discerning the beginning of the end. Beaufort, which has been termed "the Newport of South Carolina," has long been celebrated for the hospitality of its white population, which, at the time of its capture by the Union forces, consisted of one person in a state of liquor. Future generations may be inclined to think that we underrate the white population of Beaufort, at the time of its capture; but here is an official statement of it, taken from a newspaper of the period.

"The day after the fight the *Seneca* and two other gunboats, under the command of Lieut. AMMEN, proceeded up to Beaufort, and found but one white man in the town, and he was drunk."

Mind, we are speaking of the white population the day *after* the fight. The white persons by whom Beaufort was populated previous to that event, were supposed to have been very numerous and proportionably drunk, as the tracks made by them on the sands of Port Royal, in their flight to the interior, were not only countless but tortuous.

The language of the white population of Beaufort is peculiar, being rather comprehensive than elegant, and better adapted for the expression of Cursory ideas than for a sustained elucidation of great principles. For instance, on the capture of the white population, whose principal clothing, at the time, consisted of hair and boots, he demanded to know the name of his captor; and, on being informed that it was Lieut. AMMEN, of the *Seneca*, broke out as follows:

"Ya-swootch!—any flashun Sup'r Ammon ship Skunk howaryer shipmate fessicum flump stump thump rum rum rum rag o' mountain gissumwhiskeydamyer!"

Cotton, rice, and contrabands form the Staple of the district about Beaufort—the secession troops in the neighboring batteries furnished the Bolt. It is a singular fact that the crabs, which are very numerous upon the beach, and, as everybody knows, usually walk backward, were observed to go forward with great alacrity, from the moment of the landing of our troops, heading toward Charleston. This may be accepted as a good omen for us, and a hint that Charleston had better look out for Shells.

A Shell Road.

The way DUPONT took to reach the Port Royal forts.

1st Drummer.—HEY BILLY! WHY'S MY MUSTARCHERS LIKE THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES?

2d Drummer.—I KNOW, 'CAUSE AS THE HERALD MAN SAYS, WE PERDICT FOR 'EM A GLORIOUS FUTUR.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

Money has been made and lost, to a large amount, in experimenting upon improvements to fire-arms, ever since the application of the percussion principle; although that might be supposed to have Capped the climax of invention and the gun, at one and the same time. Perfection is only to be attained by combined experience, however, and it was a good while before the copper detonating cap came to be decorated with the feather of public confidence. The first caps patented had a disagreeable way of effecting a lodgement in the eye of the shooter, at the moment of explosion. One of the inventors had his head so full of them, that he was more than once heard to declare, playfully, that his expectations were more than realized, and that his family never need despair of turning an honest penny so long as he was a perambulating copper-mine and his children were minors. This person was afterwards permitted to assume the family arms and name of COPERNICUS, which his descendants enjoy very much to the present day.

The lock brought at length to perfection, by the application of the percussion principle, inventors began to turn their attention to the barrel and the bullet. It is humiliating to think how a most vile and commonplace circumstance may plant the root of a large idea in the human mind. Thus, the rifled barrel flashed upon a young man of almost unblemished moral character, as he was in the act of stealing a ham from a cask in front of a grocery door. It was this curious circumstance that gave rise to the great BACON controversy, several writers of past and present times claiming for a person of that name the credit of having invented the rifle.

Such is fame! But justice to SMITH demands that his name should be here inscribed as the true originator of that weapon.

There is a great deal of romance—such as the merry, merry greenwood tree and the venison pasty—associated with the rifle: nor has this been lost upon the novelists who indulge in glimpses of forest life, for they have largely availed themselves of it. By many of these, the song of the rifle bullet has been described as rather superior to that of the nightingale—only when heard at a considerable distance, however, or what is termed "out of range." Let some of our rising young poets follow up the Lead by writing something upon the greased patch. It is about the only thing that has not yet been done by the chosen spirits whose mission it is to illustrate the power of mind over matter, and it would be pretty certain to go down.

The progressive improvement of the rifle principle brings us to its adaptation to cannons, a subject of the greatest importance at the present time, when the destinies of a nation may be determined by an extra range of half a mile. This, however, does not as yet appear to be quite obvious to the skittish old persons who preside over the Ordnance department, for whom a dismounted stove-pipe and a domestic mop have always been sufficient artillery in their little back-yard demonstrations of the game of war.

TWO IMMENSE TREATS.

In these terrible times of war and trouble, it is fortunate that the great principle of compensation is at work, sending up its bubbles from the bottom of the vat, so as to keep the liquor from stagnating into a state of muddle. Nowhere is the evidence of this compensatory principle more charmingly developed than in the columns of the daily newspapers. Here, for instance, we have a page entirely taken up with circumstances of a sanguineous character—picket-shooting, prisoner-sticking, and other field-sports of war. With the perusal of these items the imagination soon palls: the public at large is not a vampire, and cannot sustain its remarkably sensitive nature upon blood alone. How cheerful, then, for the public at large to turn to that other department of its morning papers in which the popular places of amusement take a conspicuous position! Critical persons, indeed, might set forth that the sudden transition from a battle field to a Broadway Concert Saloon might be compared to a short but rapid trip from the sublime to the ridiculous: and so it might; and a very fine thing for the health a trip of that kind is, besides being remarkably easy to take. What, now, we ask, could be more refreshing to the mind surfeited with the molasses of battle than such light, arrow-rooty nutriment as the following little saucerful from the advertisement of a Broadway concert hall?

"LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.
LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.
LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.

The scaly monsters of the deep are seen sporting in their native element, the child drowning in full view of the audience, the fishing party, &c., &c."

We put it to any coroner's jury whether anything in the way of refreshments could be required after this. And yet, even a "child drowning in full view of the audience" must eventually become monotonous, and the best regulated audience might demand the withdrawal of the child, and the substitution of a real suicide, or some such thing with plenty of body in it. That would be unpleasant for the managers of the concert hall; but there is balm in the thorn, and we invite their attention to quite a neat article in babies which is announced as being now on show within a few doors of them. Here is the specification of it:

"Just added to this large, superb and world-famed collection, a perfect freak of nature, a monster Child, with two heads, four legs and three arms."

Now, should the business of "Life beneath the Waves" become slack, which goodness forbid! let us take the liberty of suggesting to the management that it might be happily revived by a coalition with the proprietors of the "perfect freak of nature," and that the culminating attraction of "a child with two heads, four legs and three arms, drowning in full view of the audience" would probably result in a success unparalleled in the annals of the legitimate drama.

"My Dog and my Gun."

Q.—What is the most important difference between a Dog and a Gun?

A.—A Dog can't hurt when it has got a muzzle on, but a Gun can.

By a Disappointed Inventor.

Why are the "laws for the protection of Inventors," like the sharpers who take rustics to Greenwood?

Because they pretend to make a Patent Safe, when they are only swindling you.

From Augustus.

Most persons are contented with two hands. The other day, however, we saw in Nassau street, a man who, in addition to the usual number, had got a little behind hand.